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BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER.

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CAROLINA SPARTAN.

For the Carolina Spartan.

ORIGINAL ESSAY.

"WHAT CONSTITCTES A LADY."

The observable distinctions between the most civilized races of men, and those which are rude and uncultivated, will be found to consist chiefly in personal manners and modes of social life.

That which distinguishes a man of true refinement and gentle culture from him who is unrefined, unpolished and ignorant, so far as mere outward manifestations go, is found to consist in little things—in the actions—the gait—the countenance, and the numberless items which enter into the character of our personal manners.

The polite world have attached a difinite meaning to the words—*gentleman* and *lady*, by which these terms are made to include an assemblage—a combination of elements and qualifications, which it would be exceedingly difficult to describe or enumerate; but which, notwithstanding, every person of ordinary intelligence perfectly and readily understands.

These words mean something more than a distinction of sex: they mean more than a discrimination between the rich and the poor; they mark more important distinctions than those between the lord of the manor and the peasant ploughman, who cultivates the soil. Indeed, the peasant may be in no mean sense a *gentleman*, while the owner of the castle might be a narrow, coarse and vulgar specimen of the *genus homo*. I may refer now to Miss Cook's admirable poem on "Nature's Gentleman" for a most accurate and truthful delineation of those characteristics of gentility in the rougher sex; and, as these hasty observations are designed mainly for the benefit of the fairer and gentler portion of humanity, I may devote the time to a running sketch of the points most noteworthy in the character of a lady.

The strict and habitual observance of the external deportment of a *lady* becomes easy and natural in those cases where the *heart* is gentle, and pure, and good.

Not only our words, but our *actions* and manners, flow out from the heart, and partake of its nature and character, as the stream proceeds from its fountain.

But independently of the particular state of the moral being, culture and care, education and habit, may accomplish much in the work of deportment.

Without attempting any very systematic or philosophical method of enumerating some of the marks and evidences of true gentility in woman, I shall proceed to note a few of these characteristics as they may suggest themselves to my mind.

1. The first which occurs to me, is Simplicity. A *lady* never pretends to a state of feeling which she does not really experience. She does not *affect* an accomplishment she does not possess. She does not assume a friendship not acknowledged at heart.

While she seeks to treat every one with politeness—which is nothing more than a proper regard for the feelings of a fellow being—she will not mislead any acquaintance by an affectation of regard which the heart disowns.

Simplicity requires us to be what we seem, and to seem what we are. All affectation is incompatible with that beautiful simplicity of character, so charming in her to whom we award the qualities of a perfect lady.

2. The next index of true refinement and perfection, in the character of a lady, is Sincerity.

Truthfulness, frankness, and reliability, are integral and essential elements in that coronet of virtues which crowns the genuine *lady*.

This virtue implies faithfulness in friendship. It implies that simple truth and honesty of purpose are the motive to our words and our actions. It excludes all mere pretension and double-dealing. It is a glass, in which and through which our friends read our hearts, and estimate our characters. It scorns all artful disguise, and execrates all betrayal of confidence, and all treachery in social intercourse. It is closely allied to another virtue, which we notice as a third element in the character of a lady—a sacred and undeviating regard to truth, and count it no merit; but they would hold falsehood in unmixed comtempt and scorn.

A false woman realizes the conception of an angel fallen—no longer a blessed thing of light, and love, and goodness; but a thing of evil, and a spirit of darkness!

4. Another element in the character of a *lady*, is Refinement of Taste—a chastened purity of feeling.

Ladies never indulge the contemplation of low images and vulgar ideas. Ladies ignore the existence of all and everything calculated to shock the refined sensibility. They choose *not to know* that there is anything impure, anything obscene, anything corrupt and unclean, in the social and moral world in which they move. They never utter an indecent word—they never tolerate an indecent word. *Ladies* shrink from obscenity as they would shrink from a putrid carcass. They avoid its contact as they would avoid the contagion of a deadly plague. It is possible that *females*, in some instances, may sin against purity of taste, or purity of language; but *ladies* never do.

Many of the minor points in the finished character of a lady might be noted, if time allowed us to do so. A few only can be pointed out.

Ladies always treat their seniors with deference and respect. If you should ever see a young woman putting on airs, and exhibiting anger toward a senior—an elder person of either sex—you will, of course, pity her, and say mentally, "Poor girl! she is an upstart. If she only knew what constitutes a *lady!*" Ladies never repeat any unkind words spoken of a third person in their presence. Of all the definite marks of coarseness and vulgarity in woman, that of gossip-mongering, tale-bearing, and mischief making, are the meanest and most prominent.

Ladies never bear tales—they never separate friends—never condescend to the contemptible littleness of dealing out second-hand slander.

Ladies are distinguished for their deportment in public places, and in company generally. They never bawl out loud words—never screech out loud laughter—and never make themselves conspicuous in any way.

In church, they never turn to gaze about, nor whisper in each others' ears, without it is a pressing necessity—never make faces and giggle—always pay due and proper respect to the solemnity of christian worship. Their purpose is, in public places, *never to attract attention, if it can be avoided.* Ladies always avoid feeling, or showing temper, as far as it is possible. Self-possession, and a proper control over the feelings, are peculiar to persons of culture and refinement.

Perhaps the most unmistakeable distinction between ladies and other women, will be observed in their deportment toward gentlemen, and their conduct in the presence of gentlemen.

Ladies, coming into the company of the other sex, remain perfectly calm and rational; *other* women occasionally become a little crazed and flighty.

Ladies converse in the usual key and tone of voice; other women sometimes find it necessary to talk very loud, and close with a little squall.

Ladies find no inconvenience in acting naturally and sensibly—supposing men to be intelligent beings, and endowed with taste, reason and judgment like themselves; other women, by some strange logic, or strange magic, deem it highly necessary to change the character of their deportment. Ladies sit, or walk, or talk, or act as usual, and as becoming the dignity of womanhood; other women feel obliged to do something out of the usual line.

Ladies, passing near a group of gentlemen, but not mingling with them, move on exactly as though the gentlemen were not there—as though they did not exist—they betray no consciousness of their presence or vicinity; other women conceive it due to themselves, and to their feminine nature, to make a dmonstration.

They hardly know how this is to be done; but it never will do, so they seem to think, to let the opportunity pass unimproved. The gentlemen must know that *we* know they are somewhere about. A loud call after some female friend—a recollection that they have forgotten something that must be instantly looked after—a sudden inspiration to run out and gather a flower—an unaccountable influence from St. Cecilia to indulge in vocal music loud enough to be heard—or, in the absence of all these fortunate conjunctions, the sash needs raising or lowering; or the blind needs closing; or opening; the glass, or vase of water containing a bunch of flowers, has stood quite long enough, and must *now* be poured out at the window or door, and replenished; all on the principle of kindness, doubtless, supposing the men, poor fellows, would linger and die of broken heart should they be denied at least one peep at so much of human loveliness.

The silly men, on the other hand, go on laughing in derision, and have no more sense than to suppose the fair ones wanted to get a peep at them!

Ladies are not accustomed to regard men either as monsters to be run from, or as gods to be pursued. They neither blush nor grin at them—they neither veil nor unveil their faces before them. They neither encourage impertinence, nor repel civility, on the part of men. They effectually punish and repress the rude stare, or impertinent attitude, by refusing to bestow the most distant notice on such an act.

Other women manifest their resentment by staring back again, or gesticulating in return, on the principle of "fight it out or die."

Ladies attach a deep significance, a holy meaning, to the word—*Love!* This is the die on which all the rest of woman's conscious and sentient existence is cast. Other women bandy the hackneyed term about as they would "my bonnet," or "my shoes." Ladies fall in love with objects—with natures deemed worthy and noble; and the extinction of the flame is nearly tantamount to blowing out the lamp of life! Other women fall in love once a quarter, and discard the old love for every new face! Ladies entertain a high and solemn regard for the feelings, affections and sensibilities of a generous heart, and would not, for a world, attract its devotions merely for the love of admiration, or the excitement of an intrigue, or a flirtation, and then dismiss a bruised, wounded, and deceived confidence! Other women, sometimes, experience especial delight in having half-a-dozen lovers—professing regard for each, and deceiving all; true to no one—false to all. If you should ever observe such a perverted nature, drop a tear over it. It is woman's glorious nature sadly perverted! And be not too severe in your denunciations, remembering, that she who has deceived all others, will at last suffer the bitterness of being deceived! Having bartered without remorse in hearts, she will, most likely, bestow her heart—all she has of a heart—on one who will cast it away and trample on it, as an outworn thing not worth the keeping!

No one possessing the high qualities of a Lady can ever stoop to play the part of a coquette or flirt.

Lady—young or old, maiden or matron—is a term descriptive of the most lovely type of our humanity. No piece of God's workmanship this side the Paradise of bliss deserves so much the devotion of man's nature. She sheds a light over the sphere of her duties less holy and blessed only than the light of Heaven. Her love is a prize worth less only than the love of God.

Something in the nature of practical application ought, perhaps, to be added to these meagre sketches.

Every young woman, blessed with ordinary intellect, may become a—Lady. Her outward fortunes are not important to this result. She may be the mistress of a castle, or a palace; or she may be the humble tenant of a cabin of logs: she may command wealth and surround herself with the comforts, luxuries, and elegancies of life: or she may be the solitary servant, and perform all her own labor; she may be reduced, in a day, from a state of splendid affluence to a state of straitened poverty, and yet, in each and all of these relations, be the perfect Lady, blessing everything around her, and blessed by every heart coming within the sphere of her influence. She who does not become a Lady—she who remains frivolous, coarse, and vulgar, will fail—miserably fail—of accomplishing her high destiny in life. If she be a mother, she will probably have coarse and vulgar children. As a companion, she will be avoided or disregarded by her acquaintances. In short, she will be out of place—out of position—one more than enough—an infliction and a drag on all social and intellectual circles.

A Lady is loved and respected by all—welcome to all society—has a place assigned her among the virtuous and the good—a light and a blessing adorning the path way of human life.

Syrian Wheat.—A gentleman from Alabama received from the Patent Office some spring wheat from the "Farm of Abraham," at the foot of Mount Carmel, in the Holy Land, which he sowed during the past spring. It came to maturity in seven weeks, produced a large full head, with a berry in every respect equal to the original. This wheat is reputed to ripen in Syria in sixty days from sowing. It will thus be seen that our climate hastened its period of maturity eleven days.

Plundering a Melon Patch.

Ab Ashley was a real, live Hoosier, notorious for everything in general, and stealing melons in particular. In melon time, he was the dread of the whole neighborhood; for when he visited a patch, he made it a rule never to leave it until it was entirely destroyed. This was a singular trait in his character—something unaccountable—for, aside from this, he was considered one of the best fellows in the world. Stealing melons, and plundering patches, seemed to be a part of his nature, for it was evident that it did not arise from any niggardly disposition or selfish motives. He was a real open-hearted kind of an individual, always growing more melons than anybody else, and giving them away more than anybody else. They were no object to him, yet he could not resist the temptation to steal from his neighbors, just for the fun of the thing. But, as some one said, "It is a long lane that has *no* turn;" and likewise, had Ab followed up the practice of stealing melons all his life, he would have got to be a melon thief of long standing. But such a state of things was not destined to last always—"A change came o'er the spirit of his dream."

I recollect once, in melon season, some three or four youngsters called at Ab's house, and after telling him of the "fine patch" that Deacon Aikers had, proposed to visit it. Ab was on hand, without a moment's hesitancy, and so the company set out as soon as it was fairly dark.

Before proceeding further, I may say of Ab, in the language of the poet, "*He* loved whiskey" as well as he did melons; and as the boys, in whose company he was, had looked to the future and brought along a bountiful supply of the "good critter," he was soon enjoying himself hugely. Round and round went the black bottle, and on went the company. They soon got to be very merry—so much so that apparently they paid no attention to the road or path, but went through the woods and brush, the same as if they had been walking on a barn floor.

At length, after winding about in various ways, and overcoming many obstacles, such as fallen trees and "worm fences," that lay in their route, they arrived at the patch, and pitched over the enclosure. Ye gods, what a sight! There lay the huge melons, so thick that our adventurers could scarcely walk for them. There they lay, great mealy "red cores," apparently calling out in their own language, "Arise, slash and eat!" They were none of your little, long, "wizzled up" things, such as find their way to the market stands, and which one would suppose had fallen from the vine in a fit of the "blue devils;" but they were great, plump, jolly, good-natured fellows, many of which were already showing their red interior, having, apparently, burst their sides with laughter.

Ab was right in his glory, and so, hauling out his jack-knife, he fell to slashing around with a vengeance. The others followed his example, and very soon there was a sad havoc in the melon patch.

Having satisfied his appetite, Ab fell to stamping and crushing open all that came in his way. The other boys hesitated to participate at first, urging that it was really too bad to treat the old Deacon in such a manner; but Ab swore it was good enough for the old hypocrite, and that he would not leave as long as there was a melon with a whole hide. Finding there was no stopping him, they lent a hand to the performance, and very soon every melon was destroyed; and not only that, but the vines were pulled up and heaped in one corner of the patch.

"Now," said Ab, mounting the pile, which was some five or six feet high, "give me the black bottle, and let me drink the old Deacon's health—that good man, in honor of whom we've just erected this monument."

The bottle was passed up, and Ab began—

"Deacon Aikers—May he live to plant many a patch like this, and may Ab Ashley and his friends have the honor of harvestin' it for 'em."

All swung their hats around three times in silence.

"Now, boys," said he, "as I ain't much drunk yet, 'spose I give another one for us all to drink!"

The consent was unanimous, and after thinking a moment, and holding the bottle up to let the moonlight shine through it, he delivered himself of the following, to the tune of "Dandy Jim from Caroline:"

"Here's old black Bet. You welcome guest,
You've oft disturbed me of my rest;
You drain my pockets, steal my purse,
And make my darned old coat look worse."
Tip her round—hip hurrah!
Tip her round till break of day;
Tip her round—hip hurrah!
We'll not go home till break of day."

Hats went around three times, after which the bottle started, and made a like number of revolutions.

"Now fetch me that pole yonder, till I erect a standard, to show that man has been to the summit, and then the work'll be complete," said Ab.

The pole was brought, and after tearing a strip off an old cotton handkerchief, and attaching it to the end of the pole, Ab stuck it up in the pile of vines, dismounted, and they all started for home. In a space of time truly incredible they arrived at Ab's residence. Ab pressed his friends to stay till morning, but they would not hear of it. Some pressing business, of course, prevented; and so they set out, leaving him to snooze off the bad effects of bad whiskey.

Early next morning, Ab Ashley, aroused from his sound slumber by one of his little sons running to his bed, and calling out:

"Pap, pap, pap! Get up, quick—quicker! Some'n's hooked all 'er—'er—'er water melyons!"

"What!" exclaimed Ab.

"Why, some—some'n hooked all 'er water melyons, an'—an'—an'—an' smashed 'em up!"

Ab arose cursing and swearing, vowing that he'd find some clue by which to identify the villains, and then they might look out for rough times. He went to the patch—what a sight presented itself! Not a whole melon, nor even a vine, was left—all had met a total destruction.

"Where'n thunder and lightnin' could I a been last night, that I didn't hear the infernal villains! It's lucky for 'em I didn't hear 'em, or some of 'em'd been dead now. What could they a done with the vines!" said he.

Casting his eyes along the fence, he discovered the vines nicely piled up, like a small hay-stack. From the top of the pile stood a pole, with a strip of red rag floating from the end of it. Ab started towards it; but before proceeding many steps, he stopped and began to think. Something seemed to be coming up in his mind. At last, he muttered to himself, "Can it be all a dream? or did I actually do it?" Waiting a little longer, he said, "No, by thunder, it's no dream! Them cussed boys 'as been a playin' off on me. Blast their infernal whiskey, a wish they had it all in their cussed in'ards, red hot! Mind, I tell you, I'll be even with 'em, if it takes me a hundred years from now," and then came an awful volley of curses, such as could never appear in print. He fairly blubbered right out with rage.

It was, indeed, true—the boys had been playing off on him—for after getting him a little "tight," they had brought him back to his own melon-patch; and, under the impression that it was Deacon Aiker's, he had destroyed it.

It is said that Ab Ashley was never known to assist in the plundering of a melon patch after that eventful night. It cured him.—*Porter's Spirit of the Times.*

Beau Brummel.

In the palmy days of George, Prince of Wales, there was a club celebrated for its fashion and exclusiveness, numbering among its members the Prince, Brummel, Sheridan, &c.; indeed all were men of the first water in fashion, politics, or literature.

A vacancy occurring, Lord Deloraine, the famous duellist, applied for admission. Suspecting that his quarrelsome propensities might militate against him, he called upon every member the morning before the ballot, and very plainly intimated that he should consider the rejection as a personal affront, and demand satisfaction from every one severally, except the Prince of Wales, whose position as heir to the throne protected him.

On the night in question, Lord Deloraine went to the club, sent up his card, and requested to know if the balloting was over, and whether he had been elected. As he had been blackballed, an answer was sent that he had *not* been, there being, unfortunately, a black ball in the box. He sent the waiter up again to say that, as it must be a mistake, he wished to see the chairman of the club. The Prince was about rising, to comply with this outrageous request, when Brummel volunteered to satisfy the incensed duellist. Telling the waiter to show Lord Deloraine into a private room, he advanced in his blandest manner and said:

"My dear Deloraine, it's truly unfortunate; but you are blackballed."

The other replied, "Quite a mistake. You had better try again."

"No use," returned the fop, "for there was not a white ball in the ballot; but pray wait. Allow me to ring."

When the waiter appeared, Brummel said:

"Charles, bring me a pistol and coffee for two." Lord Deloraine stared in silence.

When the waiter brought the articles, Beau Brummel said: "I beg you pardon, Charles, but I have forgotten a dice box."

During this interval Brummel talked about the weather, the crops, and the most frivolous things, Lord Deloraine gazing at him with a severe expression of countenance.

When the waiter brought the dice and the box Brummel smiled at him, saying, "You can go. One of us will ring if we want you. I don't know which of us it will be; but one of us will ring."

The waiter bowed and retired.

Brummel then said: "I know you like coffee; so I do. When we have finished it, we will proceed to business."

"So I am black balled," hissed the duellest between his teeth.

"Most certainly. Now, my dear lord, as I am the challenged party, I claim the right of dictating the terms. Here is a pistol—here are dice. We will throw for the chance. In other respects we are quite equal. If you fall, you will have a widow to mourn your death. If I perish, I shall leave a disconsolate tailor to weep my fate."

The baffled bravo put down his cup, and left the room. Brummel rejoined his friends; and when the story got around in the clubs, Lord Deloraine was so much annoyed that he went suddenly out of town.

A Joke for Selfish Husbands.—Lord Ellenborough was once about to go on the circuit, when Lady Ellenborough said that she should like to accompany him. He replied that he had no objection, provided she did not encumber the carriage with bandboxes, which were his utter abhorrence. During the first day's journey Lord Ellenborough, happening to stretch his legs, struck his foot against something below the seat. He discovered that it was a bandbox. Up went the window and out went the bandbox, The coachman stopped, and the footmen, thinking that the bandbox had tumbled out of the window by some extraordinary chance, were going to pick it up, when Lord Ellenborough furiously called out, "Drive on!" The bandbox was accordingly left by the ditch-side. Having reached the county town where he was to officiate as judge, Lord Ellenborough proceeded to array himself for his appearance in the court house. "Now," said he, "where's my wig! where's my wig!" "My Lord," replied his attendant, "it was thrown out of the carriage window."

New Paper.—The man who made impression on the heart of a coquette has taken out a patent for stone cutting.

A Word for Crinoline.

In the merciless war waged by the press on *hoops*, we are glad to see that there are one or two gallantly standing up for woman's right to regulate the fashion of their costume as they please. For ourselves, we would not reduce the latitude of the graceful contour a single thread, but we would venture to hint a wish that they would curtail the longitude just an inch or so, to avoid the dirty office of street sweepers.

War on Hoops.—The crinoline, one of the most beneficial inventions of this inventive age, is the object of ridicule with many persons, who are continually harping upon the defects and exaggerations of the fashion, for the reason that their mental faculties cannot comprehend the subject in all its length and breadth, or else for the reason that they wish to appear witty, and, as they have no wit of their own, retail the chance shafts which brighter intellects carelessly drop in their way. An exchange paper says it is "whispered about New York that the railroad companies will shortly call a convention to discuss the expediency of levying toll upon crinoline. The proposition is to charge ladies sporting hoops double fare, in consequence of the space they fill." If this be meant for a joke, it does as little credit to the mind as to the heart of the originator; if it is the record of an actual intention, then it only shows that there are a few candidates for the asylum for the idiotic and feeble-minded yet left uncared for. With a certain New York contemporary, we are glad to see that the adoption of this healthy and graceful article of dress is almost universal, and we hope to witness the day when every American lady will conform to the custom.

The women of the present generation have already immense advantages from the general use of the crinoline; and, knowing that, they have defied ridicule and scorned newer fashions. Even the Empress Eugenie, who unwittingly blessed her sex by making it the mode, has vainly attempted to introduce a fresher style. If the ladies will stand by the light crinoline, and still dispense with eight out of the ten skirts they were wont to wear, the generation yet to come will be healthier and stronger, consumption and kindred diseases of the chest will be fewer, life be longer, and nature better fitted for all the duties which pertain to the wife and the mother in a civilized community. The New York News, in alluding to this subject, pleasantly says: "We are decidedly of opinion that the ladies have a right to *do* as they please; we think also, they can manage their own affairs almost as well as we can do it for them, and in the hoop business we are ready to acknowledge that they have shown a great deal of solid sense. Don't give up your hoops, ladies! Let men rave, and scold, and stew till they are tired—you have the right of the matter—don't concede a solitary inch of pavement room!"

[*Boston Traveller.*

A Man Proposing to Marry another Man—Ante-Mortem Examination.—Some time ago, it will be remembered, a singular case came up in the Richmond, Va., courts, in which a young man named Lipscomb sued another young man named Thomas Linton for breach of promise. Linton, it seems, was of such remarkably feminine appearance that his friends easily persuaded Lipscomb that he was a female in disguise, and so enamored did he become of Linton as to ask and receive a promise of marriage, which, of course, the latter was unable to fulfil. But on attempting to explain why he could not "come to time," the fond "lover" wouldn't believe a word of it, and full in the belief that his inamorata was a woman, and nothing shorter, he sued for breach of promise. The case created no little excitement in Richmond.

An examination by five experienced physicians was ordered by the court, so that there should be no possibility of mistake, and they reported that Linton was undoubtedly a man; so Lipscomb lost both his lady-love and his lawsuit. Linton has recently arrived in this city, and such was his womanish appearance, that suspicion was created as to his sex, and the Guards were about to arrest him, and would have done so, but for the interference of a person who knew the young man. Last night Linton again got into trouble, through falling into the hands of a party of young men who believed him to be sailing under false colors, and were about to have an examination to test the matter. A gentleman cognisant of the history of Linton happened to be present, and upon his representation Linton was set free. Feminine beauty would seem to be anything but a desirable gift for a man.—*Washington Star.*

How Many Miles a Printer's Hand Travels.—Though a printer may be sitting all day, yet in his own way he is a great traveller, (or at least his hand is,) as we shall prove. A good printer will set eight thousand ems a day, or about twenty-four thousand letters. The distance travelled over by his hand will average about one foot per letter, going to the boxes in which they are contained, and of course returning, making two feet every letter he sets. This would make a distance each day of forty eight thousand feet, or more than nine miles; and in the course of the year, leaving out Sundays, that member travels about three thousand miles.

A few days ago, in one of the Western cities, a man named Billy Smith was fined $3 for kissing a plump article of breathing humanity weighing 250 lbs—the wife of a Dutchman, who witnessed the larceny, which "made him so mad he could not speak." If the size is to be taken into consideration, the kiss must be set down as cheap.

Two persons contending sharply on matters regarding the late North Devon election, got to rather high words, when one said, you never catch a lie coming out of my mouth. The other replied—you may well say that, they fly out so fast that nobody can catch 'em.

The National Washington Monument.—This structure is situated about the middle of the river line of the city, back on a grassy point formed by the river and an inlet jutting eastward into the land, only a few rods from the centre of the original District of Columbia. It is a hollow stone obelisk, built on a solid rock foundation, 81 feet square at the base, sunk 8 feet in the ground, and rising 17 1-2 feet above ground; the obelisk itself being 55 feet square at its base on this foundation, designed to reach 500 feet clear of the foundation, or 517 1-2 feet above ground, to be externally cased with marble, internally decorated with various devices, (among which will be interspersed the many engraved blocks contributed from all parts of the world,) capped with a magnificent glass dome, and ascended on the inside by spiral stairs. When completed, this monument will be the highest artificial structure in the world, being 37 1-2 feet higher than the Great Pyramid of Egypt and is estimated by scientific men to be capable of enduring thousands of years.

The following are the heights of some of the principal monuments, domes, &c., in the world: St. Antoine's column at Rome, 135 feet; principal tower of the Smithsonian Institute, 145; Trajan's column at Rome, 145; Napoleon's column at Paris, 150; Washington's column at Baltimore, 180; the great obelisk at Thebes, 200; Bunker Hill Monument at Boston, 220; column of Delhi, 262; Trinity Church steeple, New York, 264; the contemplated new dome of the Capitol, 300; dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, 320; tower of Manlius, 350; tower of the Cathedral of Strasbourg, 460; dome of St. Peter's Cathedral, Rome, 463; great pyramid of Egypt, 480; National Washington Monument, 517 1-2.

[*Washington Union.*

Civility is a Fortune.—Civility is a fortune itself, for a courteous man always succeeds well in life, and that even when persons of ability sometimes fail. The famous Duke of Marlborough is a case in point. It was said of him by one contemporary that his agreeable manners often converted an enemy into a friend; and, by another, that it was more pleasing to be denied a favor by his grace than to receive one from other men. The gracious manner of Charles James Fox preserved him from personal dislikes even at a time when he was politically the most unpopular man in the kingdom. The history of the country is full of such examples of success obtained by civility. The experience of every man furnishes, if we but recall the past, frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, merchants, and indeed individuals of all pursuits. On being introduced to a stranger, his affability, or the reverse, creates instantaneously a prejudice against him. To men, civility is, in fact, what beauty is to a woman; it is a general passport to favor, a letter of recommendation written in language that every one understands. The best of men have often injured themselves by irritable and consequent rudeness, as the greatest scoundrels have frequently succeeded by their plausable manners. Of two men, equal in other respects, the courteous one has twice the chance for fortune.

Grape Vine Cuttings.—We find in the *Union* of a late date the following paragraph:

"Believing that the interests of our country require that cuttings of all the native wild grapes indigenous to our soil should be collected, with a view of testing their adaptation to the economy, soil, and climate of the different sections of the Union, the Commissioner of Patents has made arrangements for their collection with Major H. C. Williams. Major Williams has been instructed to enter upon his duties on the 1st day of August. He will proceed to Arkansas and Texas, and, in making selections of cuttings, will be particular in noting the character of the soil and the aspect in which such cuttings are found, their local names, and the period at which their fruit is matured. Major Williams has also been instructed to collect the seeds or stones of any other native wild fruits which he may meet with in the performance of his duty."

Diamond Cut Diamond.—A couple of patent "safe" sharpers got hold of a supposed greenhorn, yesterday, near one of the hotels, whom they found to be so extraordinarily verdant that caution on their part was entirely laid aside. Greeny was ready enough to go it blind on their "safe," but his wife had got all his money, and he wanted a good pretext to get it out of her. So he borrowed a gold watch of the sharpers, in order to show it to his wife as a desired purchase—entered the hotel—stepped out of another door—and the sharpers have not seen him since.—*New York Sun.*

As the Chicopee train was going up on Thursday morning, a cow that strayed upon the track unexpectedly was taken up by the cow catcher and carried some distance, her head at one side of the locomotive, her feet at the other, and then tumbled heels over head down an embankment, after which she arose, shook herself, and walked off, to the great joy of her miserable owner, who had rushed from his house at the first appearance of danger to his pet, and followed the train with imprecations and cries of "stop the darned thing—stop her!"

During the last moments of Winn, a Rochester printer, who lately died, he was heard to say, having relapsed into a semi-delirious state, "I am on my last stickful—I am coming to a paragraph, and I suppose I'll have to wait for old death to put in the period."

If you desire to be certain that your eggs are good and fresh, put them in water; if the buts turn up they are not fresh. This is an infallible rule to distinguish a good egg from a bad one.